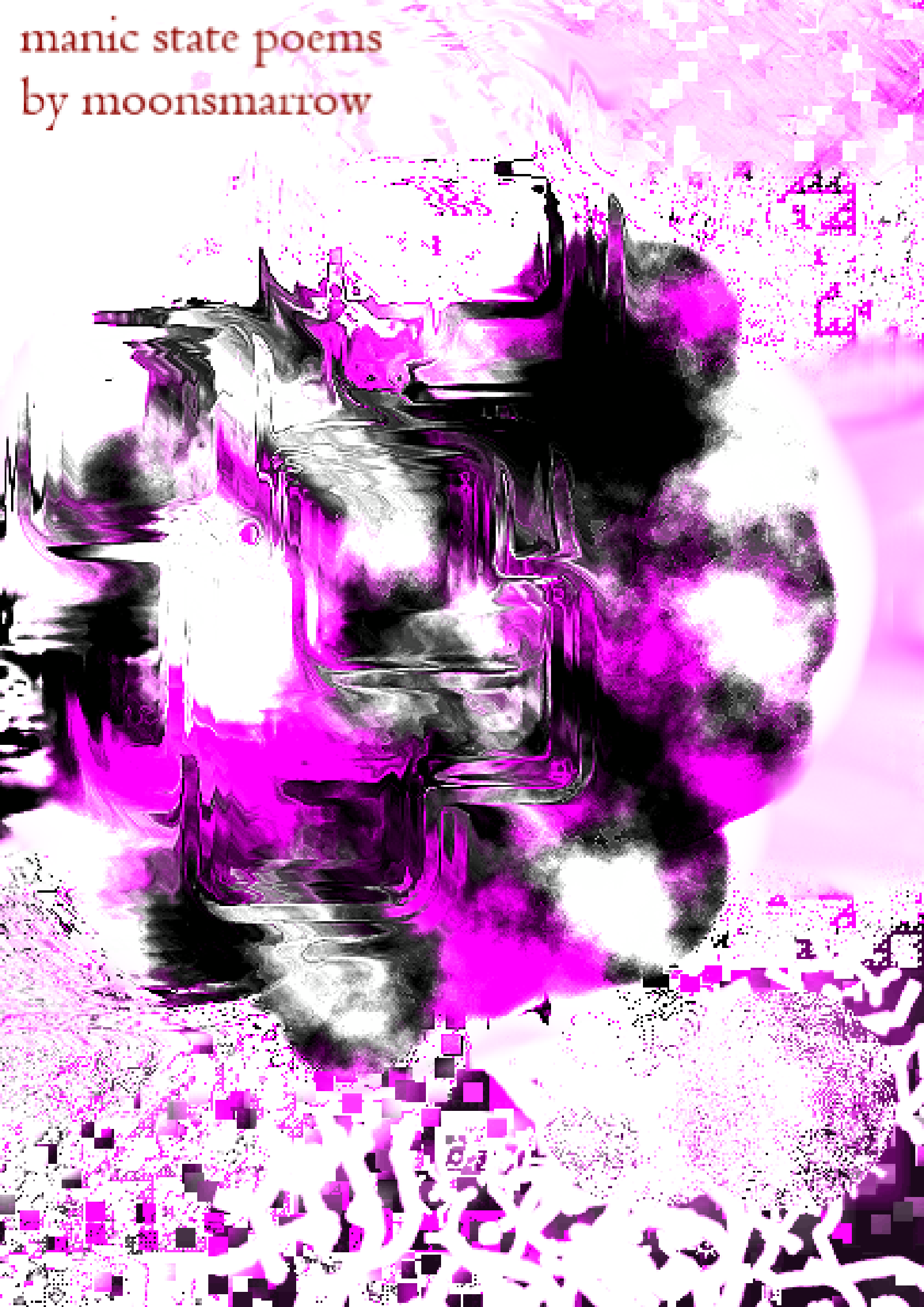
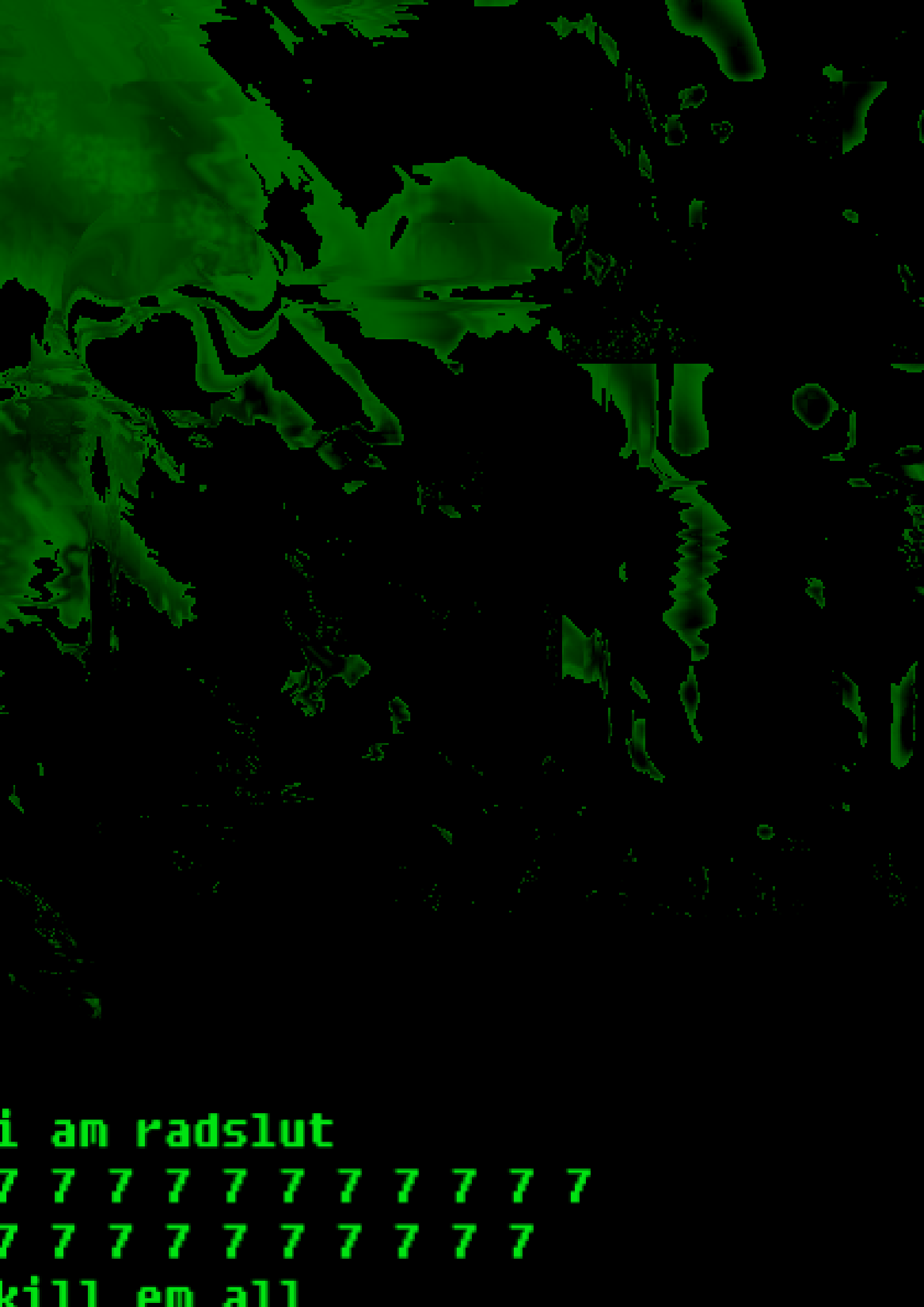
manic state poems

by moonsmarrow




i am radslut
7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7
kill em all

It's not exactly a novel feeling among the common trans girl to feel undesirable

There's plenty of art about it
About our fundamentally lonely mode of existence
Our desire for community; kinship, connection

Art movements of all shapes and sizes sigh wearily under this weight
Empty spaces.
A latticework ecosystem of traumagenic kink art that dances across the periphery of every internet poisoned trans woman I've ever spoken to.

It's beautiful!
It's miserable...
We're at once desirable- the sex object, the beautiful thing, goddess and aspiration
But at the same time repugnant. Dirty and demented, twisted males playing at femininity while lacking the inherent sacred aspect of women.

I'm not exactly planting in fresh soil here. Many smarter and more experienced people have identified and confronted that dragon Transmisogyny, but I can't help but strain at the yoke myself.

Now for a thing I think about a lot:

My father is transphobic, loudly
He is scared of hormone replacement therapy.
Scared of the permanence of its changes.

Terrified of it destroying the lives of
'so many confused young people'
(Myself included in that, of course)

The thought of being a sexual object in the eyes of my father is terrifying (some could eroticize that. I can't.)

But:

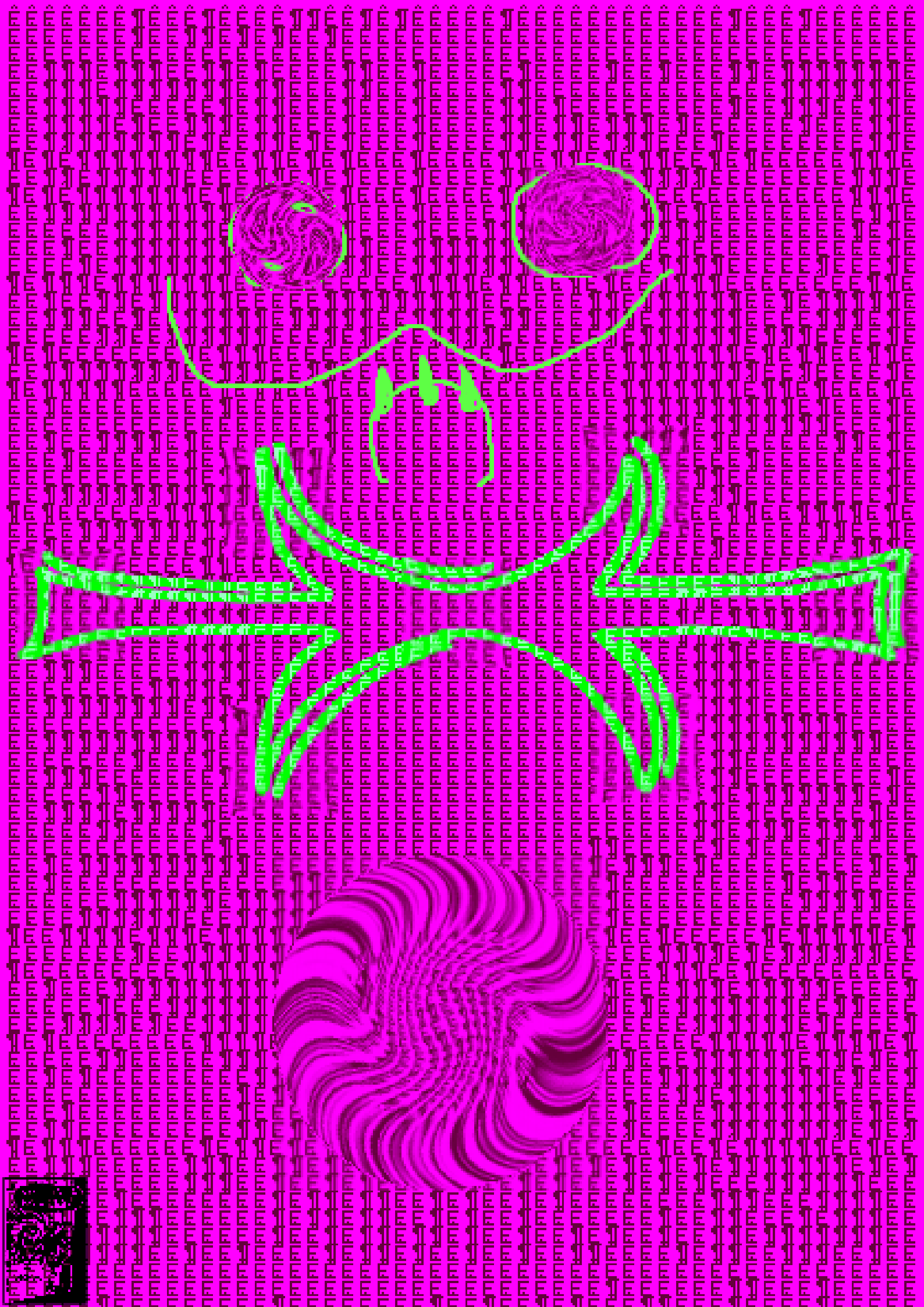
I know he's hired trans sex workers. I found out when I was eleven while reading fanfiction on his phone.

I remember seeing the ad for the services of a 'young transsexual escort' on some site roughshod from white backgrounds and bolded black and purple text.

I remember a picture, clumsily placed in the middle of the ad because of the way his smartphone screen warped a website clearly intended for desktop

Some quietly sad looking girl, dyed blonde hair with exposed roots, in dim yellow lighting, wearing a strappy black top with the latter half of her body cut off by the camera frame.

I look like her now



interchangeable girl
glasses. unwashed hair.
a deep-seated fear of loneliness
(the fabled Ofencel phenotypeO)
it shambles by, day to day
comfortable clothes, quiet days
spent in its dirty room, rotting
a cockroach skitters across its
keyboard.
it cries.

a kind dream

this is something like a knife she coos
her assistant nods, the croud cheers
a knife she says is a weapon, yes
but a weapon is firstly a tool
scattered applause, the assistant weeps
and a tool is either useful-

tense silence. the president is there

-or it is discarded
she throws the knife! the assistant is struck down,
grasping at her chest
the croud guffaws, the president wipes a tear from his
eye
the assistant is laughing too, little drips of blood
punctuating her mirth
the croud thins as the performer bows, collects her
tools, thanks the audience
she leaves the litter behind, as some ungracious
performers often do.
poor girl the janitor says, clutching at her hat
i hope it was good money